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AT GRANDMA'S.

The cookies that my grandma baked were under lock and key,
But just a little word of "please" was open sesame,
And grandma's smile was sunshine to a little girl like me.

My grandma had a garden with a picket fence around
(Where grew the sweetest flowers that the honey bees had found),
With a brook that got our feet wet way at the farthest bound.

The trees in front of grandma's house had roots that stayed right out
To make us homes for paper dolls, while birds sang high about;
And fairies danced at night time there, I'm sure without a doubt.

If I could have one single wish come true and always stay,
I'd wish to just be little and that we could move away
And live at grandma's house with her forever and a day.
—Edith Roberts, in Good Housekeeping.

THE KNOT IN THE PEARLS.

BY L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

She was young and remarkably pretty, with a prettiness that is quite unmistakable and generally acknowledged that can even triumph over a frock that is not quite fresh or a style of hairdressing that is not altogether suitable. But then, in her case, it was such charming hair, so bright and so curly, that he told himself fashionable dressing, which would have reduced her head to the level of a repetition of all the other heads in the room, would have been a mistake, a piece of vandalism. And as for the dress, that was, at any rate, simple although of the kind that is not expensive or even particularly tasteful, and he managed to overlook it. Yet that was something of a feat—to his credit or not, as you looked at the matter—for he had the reputation of being one of the most fastidious men in London. Moreover, the child—she was only a child, as he admitted—had absolutely no conversation.

But then her eyes were dazzlingly blue, and their gaze had a rapt and heaven-searching quality that was unique even in his wide experience. If she could not, as it seemed, use with any fluency the tongue of men or of angels (just excepting her hesitating: "Oh yes," "Oh, no," and such non-committing trifles), if she was poor at small talk, she was greatly accomplished at looking. From the first the glance of her wide-open, innocent eyes, straying sometimes to his from the contemplation of heaven, seemed to bewitch him, to allure him, and, harder still, to hold him in attentive captivity at her side.

And she was 18 and badly dressed, while he owned to 35, and was well known as an accomplished man of the most sensitive and most exquisite taste.

The woman wasn't born, his friends had been in the habit of saying, who could entirely reach up to his standard of perfection; among themselves they had often pictured her, the nearest thing possible, the woman he would surrender to, and she was cultured and witty, delicately sympathetic, daintily beautiful, and certainly beautifully dressed to the last little detail. And it must be admitted that he had always pictured her so himself.

But while he was a man of ideals, he was also a man of great, of recognized talents, and his world set him up as a shining light, a man to be quoted and followed and generally upheld, although that is not saying that they set him above laughter, or, at any rate, smiles. For it is pleasant to smile at an exceptionally talented or fortunate man; it is a recompense and even a relief to those less distinguished, and, without being malicious, there were many who smiled quite openly and unashamed as he lingered, every time they met, at the side of the girl with the heaven-searching eyes.

"After all!" they said. "So, after all, the usual thing attracts him! Of course, she's sweetly pretty, and he'll choose her frocks!" They didn't feel any less pleasure in their idol, because, at last, they had discovered his feet of clay; they were, indeed, enthusiastically inclined to applaud their newer and more homely view of him, and they let the girl with the heaven-searching eyes absorb him, while they looked on in an attitude distinctly suggestive of hand-clapping.

"After all!" they would chorus, and some one would inevitably add: "Well, he'll know how to spend the money!" Yet it was common knowledge that he was not overburdened with money having been apparently too overburdened with brains to acquire it in any quantity.

And all the time he was with her he thought only of her eyes and his own power to waylay them from Heaven. But when he was not with her, many of his thoughts circled round the cheap row of pearls she invariably wore, and his mind attuned to great subjects took to itself a holiday and spent it in wondering why she tied a knot in them.

Was it of set design, or did she really think they looked better knotted? There had come into his mind, the first time he saw her, an old saying, long forgotten, that a girl knots her pearls when she wants a love letter. Now, did this girl of the innocent eyes in this manner deliberately advertise a want? And was it simply a love letter she wanted, as one might covet a rare curio, or, say, a first edition? (He said a first edition.) Or was it not, perhaps, a letter from a particular person she had set her heart on? Some one who might see the touching little indication of readiness to receive a tenderly worded epistle; some one who, it was hoped, would be eager to comply. Although this last possibility undoubtedly put the girl in the better light, it is noteworthy that it was not the idea he honestly favored.

He followed the little story further. For if the knot was the result of anything more than the merest accident, or other than a clumsy device for keeping the row tightly around her tight throat, then, since, as far as he knew, the knot was never untied, also, as far as he knew, she did not get her letters. The blue eyes were sometimes pathetic; in time it grew to hurting him that she should even possibly want what he could easily have supplied. The whole question, as childish as she was and as strangely engrossing, haunted and disturbed his leisure, and one night, having just left her, he sat down and wrote her a letter.

The bulk of the talents for which people praised him were in the habit of emerging from the point of his pen, and the letter was worthy of his reputation without being at all above her power of appreciation—even supposing she was in all things as young as she looked. It was simple, in fact, as her speech, and as beautiful, after its fashion, as her eyes; and, reading it over, he knew he had never done anything better. But he wasn't as mad as he might have looked—if anyone could have seen him—and he only posted it in his pocket. Having been written to her, it was sacredly hers, and to have it about him gave him a feeling of pleasure he acknowledged with a laugh, and for once did not try to account for in words.

After that he wrote her a letter every time he saw her, and, but that something happened about the sixth time, it is a matter to wonder at how far he would have allowed his pockets to bulge.

What occurred was of the most commonplace description. In hunting for something else, he dropped one of the letters at her feet. She caught it up with a little cry. "Why, it's addressed to me!" If he had not stopped her she would have opened it there and then.

But he couldn't prevent her keeping it, nor prevent himself seeing the laugh in her eyes—a stray gleam that seemed to cast a new light on the pathways to heaven.

"If you like it," he said, "there are more;" and he took out the pack, turning it over.

"But if they are mine I would much rather have them at once!" she cried. "If they are mine you have no right to keep them!"

To tempt her into pleading for them, into more laughter, into quite a torrent of teasing and excited speech, he held out as long as he could. In the end she went off with her letters.

"I'm convinced it's some rubbish," she threw at him in parting; "and I do want to see just how silly you are!"

"Will you tell me how silly you think me?" he asked.

"If you're silly—enough," said she.

Of course he expected an answer — expected it feverishly, filled with a boyish impatience and unrest he had never surpassed in his boyhood. When it came, it was like her, he told himself, and it was certainly put in few words, if that was really like her, and his doubts on that subject were brand new ones. "Will you come and see me?" she wrote, naming an hour. Of course he went—praying the while that he should see her alone.

And she was alone; so far, he quickly saw the realization of his wish. Yet, for the moment, as he advanced toward her up the long room he hardly knew her—hardly recognized her unadorned beauty, the child of the dowdy frocks, in the perfectly dressed girl now waiting for him with laughter and blushes chasing each other on her bewildering face. For the first time in his life he found nothing to say, and so she was forced to begin. She seemed not unwilling.

"Your letters are charming," she said. She put a hand to the imitation pearls, side by side with some that looked priceless, among the laces at her neck and twisted them round to show him they were unknotted.

"Your letters are charming," she repeated with the least little break in her voice. Then she brightened and smiled. "And what do you think of my frock?"

"I think it is charming," he said.

She came nearer to him.

"Will you answer me something?" she asked.

"Yes—yes—anything!"

"Only this—which sort of frock do you like me in best?"

"This," he said, true to his creed. "This—I suppose. Oh, my darling, we are starting at the wrong end, but if you keep the letters we shan't be able to afford such frocks!"

"I wouldn't give up the letters for anything," she declared.

"I go with the letters," he said.

Again the laugh in her eyes. "And I'd rather give up the letters than you," she smiled.

"Then hang the frocks!" he cried, and would have caught her to him, but she warded him off.

"Stop, do stop"—then she blushed—"for a—. Stop, won't you, please! Then don't you know, really? Don't you truly know?"

"What?"

"That I've more frocks and more money to buy new ones than I know what to do with, and—and—"

"Do you mean to tell me—"

"Let me tell you. I mean, I had the childish idea—I see now how childish it was—to try and pass myself off in your society as a poor American girl, for a change. And it was a failure; fright as I looked, it was a failure, with just one exception. You are the exception, and until now I have never felt quite, quite sure that even you could be excepted." Into her eyes crept their pathetic look.

"My dearest," he cried, "just for your sweet self I loved you! On my honor, I did not know, and I loved you because I could not help it."

This time she did not ward him off.

"No woman wants to be loved for any other reason," she said "and I shan't mind the money and things any more."

"And the knot in the pearls?" he asked, later.

"I knotted them at first because it seemed, somehow, in keeping with the stupid sort of girl I was. But when I noticed how you always stared at them, I kept them knotted to—"

"Well, why?"

"To keep you—staring!" she laughed.

"And did you never find out?"—

"Oh!" she interrupted, "I asked just every one why a knot in a row of pearls should make a wise man—any man—stare so. I was always asking, until some one told me about the old saying of the love-letter, and then—"

"And then?"

"And then—." She still hesitated.

"By then—," he amended.

"Oh, I'd like to finish," she said bravely. "By then, I was so anxious for your letter I couldn't untie it. You see," she almost whispered, "my heart was caught in the knot, and it wouldn't untie until you helped me."—London Sketch.

THE FATE OF WORDS.

Styles Change in Language as in Dress Though More Slowly.

The history of the race is written in the words it uses. As we grow and change, so our language grows and changes. Mr. Leon Mead in his book, "Word-Coinage," points out that some words go out of fashion and come back like tan shoes and wide-rimmed hats, although the change it words is much slower than the change in dress.

In Spenser's day "forestall," "fain," "scathe," "askance," "embellish" and "dapper" were no considered good, but they have since gained respectability and won their place in the language. The seventeenth century regarded as obsolete a number of Chaucer's words: "transcend," "bland," "sphere," "blithe," "franchise," "carve," "anthem." One by one these words came to life again and walk the pages of our literature in full vitality. Other words now indispensable which the seventeenth century rejected, are "plumage," "tapestry," "tissue," "ledge," "trenchant," "resource," "villainy," "thrill," "yelp," "dovetail."

Bacon did not have the good word "encyclopedia," but uses the heavy equivalent, "circle learning."

Fulke, the sixteenth century author who wrote "A Defense of the Sincere and True Translations of the Holie Scriptures into the English Tong," did not admit "neophyte," "homicide," "scandal," "destruction," "tunic," "despicable," "rational." Another book published in 1658 puts the stamp of censure on "oblique," "radiant," "adoption," "caress," "amphibious," "horizontal," "concede," "articulate," "destination," "compensate," "complicated" and "adventitious."

It is hard to trace the history of a fashion in words. Seldom do we have the precise record that Chesterfield furnishes in a letter in which he says that he was present at the birth of the word "flirtation" on the lips of a beautiful woman. Even with that record we cannot tell why "flirtation" remained in the language and was not dropped like hundreds of other new coinages.

Reciprocation.

A woman shows her love for a man when she gives him all she possesses; sometimes the man never shows up again.—N. Y. Herald.

True Pride.

Prevention is the best pride.—Feltham.

RELIANCE WINS DECISIVE VICTORY

In First Completed Race Defender Shows Superiority.

RAN AWAY FROM ENGLISH BOAT

Challenger Has Apparent Advantage at the Start, and Contest Is Exciting—Thirty Thousand Persons Witness the Race.

New York, Aug. 24.—Reliance, Saturday, duplicated the victory of her ancestor, America, 52 years ago, by running away from Sir Thomas Lipton's third Shamrock, and in weather that the Irish knight had prayed for.

It was not such a victory as that which occurred around the Isle of Wight half a century or more ago, but it was sufficiently decisive to demonstrate that the Yankee boat is still queen of the sea.

Moreover, it demonstrated that the Reliance is superior to the Shamrock III. in all kinds of weather. In a piping blow she can hold her own against the wind, and with the wind she can outfoot her competitor. According to yachting experts, the victory assures the safety of the cup.

In going over the starting line, the Reliance was a few seconds behind the Shamrock, but the American boat soon forced her rival about, took the lead, and on the beat out the flyer simply walked away from the Fife creation, rounding the mark 3 minutes and 16 seconds in the lead.

On the 15-mile beat, pointing higher and footing faster, Reliance beat the Shamrock by 3 minutes and 20 seconds elapsed time. The wind held true from a little west of southwest on the beat at a ten-mile gait. The sea was rather heavy.

Flew Away Like Great Birds.

Both yachts rounded the mark on the starboard tack and started on the run home with booms to the starboard, throwing out spinnakers to port. The yachts set ballooners and flew away like great birds, under the true and stout breeze.

The big observation fleet, carrying not less than 30,000, had lined up around the finish line by three o'clock, ready to give a great welcome to the victor.

The Scene at the Finish.

The finish was the most exciting since the great contest between the Puritan and Genesta, in 1885. True, Reliance was far in the lead, yet those aboard the excursion fleet were fearful that something might happen to the American boat, in which event Shamrock might win by a fluke.

When, however, Reliance crossed the line at 2:17:45, with Shamrock III fully nine minutes astern, the tooting of whistles, yelling of the throngs aboard the craft and the screeching of sirens were tumultuous.

The scene at the finish was soul-stirring. Under her towering cloud of canvas, rolling rythmically in the swell, the Reliance bounded across the viewless finish line like a queen. Such pandemonium can only be heard when an American yacht is victorious in a cup race.

Then the immense concourse of vessels waited until the Shamrock, majestic even in defeat, swept by between the stakeboats. The reception she received was, if anything, more hearty than that accorded to her successful rival.

Such tribute Americans gladly pay to the true British sportsman, who has so valiantly tried to win back the trophy which the old schooner America captured from a fleet of English yachts 52 years ago.

Says Americans Are "God's People."

Sir Thomas Lipton said: "The treatment I have received here has been marvelous. The kindness and cordiality with which I have been treated has almost overcome me. At times I am positively embarrassed. I am satisfied that no one would receive such treatment in England. The English would want to do things for visitors—be as nice and cordial as possible—but they could not approach you people.

"The Americans are God's own people. There is none like them on the face of the green earth. No people are better, or more kind, or more wonderful. They could not be."

MOST PECULIAR DEATH.

Autopsy Revealed Fact that Child Swallowed Whole Peas Which Sprouted and Grew.

Creston, Ia., Aug. 21.—A most peculiar death occurred here Sunday. The seven-year-old daughter of John Ponte, a Burlington conductor, was taken sick ten days ago with what physicians pronounced dysentery. In spite of their best efforts the little one grew rapidly worse till her death. An autopsy revealed the fact that the child had swallowed peas whole, that they had sprouted and were growing in her stomach. The case is said to be one of the most peculiar on record.